

How to train your dragon : crossing lines

by fog the cat

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Summary: he seen his note book and pencil snatched away. Before he could move it was slid back from behind him, he looked at what was on the paper ' lets play 20 Q, but first a hint. i'm not what you think i am.' Bad sum DISCONTINUED

1. this is new

AN : I, Fog the Cat, here by claim, that I do NOT own HTTYD.

If I did, it would not be a fanfic right?

CHAPER ONE! THIS...IS NEW

No worries, no fear, he was a dragon , he was strong, WHAP!, something tangled his wings, he couldn't fly, he fell, and as he fell his roar became a scream.

Something was off, it only happened moments ago, he shot the black devil out of the sky, but now every time the memory replayed in his head something was off, the shape of the dragon seemed to change as it fell, Hiccup blamed the darkness and excitement for that, but there was something else. The roar itself changed, it changed in perfect harmony as the shape of the dragon. It sounded, almost human.

Hiccup holds a small book in his hands, he looks at the hand drawn map of the island, covered in X's from his search, he looks up from it holding his breath and peeks over a gorge, expectantly. And sees nothing, with a sigh he adds another 'X' to the page, and then with a burst of fury and aggravation scratches his pencil over the whole map in frustration leaving thick black lines every where. He snaps the book closed and pockets it with a disappointed huff.

"Uggh, the gods hate me. Some people lose their knife or their mug. No, not me. I manage to lose an entire dragon!"

He slaps a low-hanging branch and it snaps back at him, hitting him in the face, his hand flies up to his face where he was hit and with one eye he looks up to see a snapped and mangled tree trunk. His eyes follow it to a long trench of up-turned earth, he examines the trench as he walks through, roots from other trees poke through the ground and many have long deep claw marks on them. He follows it to the end and looks over the edge a downed, black dragon, its body and tail tangled in a bola lies on the ground, Hiccup drops back down in sudden fear and fumbles for his knife in his belt. He peaks over the edge again just to be sure it was still there, it was. It looked dead, it wasn't moving and no sound made its way from the beast. Hiccup approaches, beaming with pride.

"Oh wow. I did it. I did it. This fixes everything. Yes!"

He strikes a victory pose, planting his foot on the fallen Night Fury's leg.

"I have brought down this mighty beast!"

It suddenly shifts, throwing hiccup off of its leg.

"Whoa!"

He springs back landing against a large and conveniently placed rock, terrified. He turns his blade on it. Rattled and fearful he creeps along the length of the weak, wounded, defenseless dragon, dagger poised to strike. As he reaches the head, he, finds the Night Fury staring coldly at him no emotion but hate playing in its toxic green eyes. he tries to look away, but he's drawn back to its unnerving, unflinching stare. With the dragon safely tangled in the ropes he felt a little safer, but something didn't sit right with him, he jabs at the dragon with his dagger, puffing himself up with false bravado.

"I'm going to kill you, Dragon. I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father. I'm a Viking... I am a VIKING!"

When Sorin woke from his fall he was very surprised to see, hear, and feel a kid, this kid was very happy about something, '\_shut up your being loud!\_' Sorin grunts and moves enough to send the kid sprawling on the ground but it didn't scare him off instead he gets right back up and come to Sorin, he seen that the boy's small knife was sharp, and he was ready to kill...

Hiccup raises the dagger high above the trapped beast, determined to prove his Viking- ness, that he is strong and brave. The dragon's labored breathing breaks his clenched concentration. He opens an eye, uncertainty leaking through his mind like a poison. The dragon holds the stare. Something profound is exchanged in the dragon's eyes Hiccup seen fear flood in, and in the reflection he could have sworn he seen another boy, but only for a split second. Finally, the Night Fury closes its eye and lowers its head in defeat, resigned to its fate, no escape, just death. Hiccup tries to go through with it, holding the dagger aloft... fighting himself...the odd guilt that had been planted in his heart by the fear in the dragons eyes, '\_why did it have to look so afraid?! why did that fear look so... human?\_' the guilt digs and burns at him until finally, lowering the small bade onto his head and slumps forward a little and with a frustrated sigh,

He looks over the dragon's chaffed rope wounds. he mutters to himself, ashamed of what he did, yes, he did this.

...kill... the thought of dyeing didn't sit well with him "I'm going to kill you, Dragon. I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father. I'm a Viking... I am a VIKING!" . . . \_'oh fuck...'\_ he knew what vikings could do, they kill and take over, and now he was at the mercy of this kid, he looked deep into the other boy's eyes, he held strong for a moment but the thought of death weakened him, his strong gaze held fear now, he simply turned his head, and waited for the blow. It never came.

" I did this."

He turns to leave. Pauses. And glances back at the dragon, it large but constricted chest heaving. Hiccup grumbles and checks over his shoulder to ensure that no one is watching...he really didn't want anyone to see what he was about to do, break a viking law, he hurries back to cut the ropes, the first one is cut and the Night Fury's eye shoots open. With the dragon watching his every move, Hiccup hurriedly saws through the bola ropes. The second rope is cut and the dragon feels to rope grow lose, as the last rope falls free, the Night Fury suddenly pounces In a blur, the dragon is upon him, pinning Hiccup down against the rock he fell on just moments before, the great, black beast brushes his neck. Hiccup could see it in the dragon's eyes, it was going to kill him. Hiccup is paralyzed with fear, not even the adrenalin rushing through his blood was strong enough to make him try to run or fight, his ' fight or flight' failed him. The dragon's hot breath ruffles his hair. Hiccup opens his eyes to find the Night Fury's wolf-like stare boring into him. The exchange is intense, profound, fear builds in him to a new level, his eyes widen the he snaps them closed and looks away. The dragon draws a deep breath, as though it's about to torch him, to turn this talking fish bone into a burnt fish bone. His thoughts swirl in his mind \_'will i be found? will this dragon eat me? will the village, will my father care... that I'm dead?'\_ The dragons body lifts up in a rear then comes crashing back down on him with an ear-piercing scream. Not a burst of great flame. It turns and takes flight, flapping violently through the canopy of trees. It bashes against a nearby mountain side, recovers and drops out of view some distance away. It showed him mercy, just as he had shown it. Panicked and sputtering for any words or sounds at all he struggles to his feet, staggers a few steps, collapses to his knees, and faints.

"It would have been so easy to kill that boy... i don't know why I didn't...\_ ' I had mercy...'\_

Later that night after his terrifying brush with near death Hiccup enters the back door to his small but comfortable home to see... Stoick, his father, seated on a slice of tree-trunk. He is slouched over the fire-pit, stirring the coals. Embers waft around his beard. for a split second he wonders if it ever caught on fire. He tries to sneak past, up the stairs to his room. Stoick seems none the wiser, untill Hiccup steps a little to heavy on one of the steps.

"Hiccup." the large man calls out to him in a way Hiccup cant tell what he wants. He flinches, he's caught, \_'Da Da Da I'm dead.'\_

"Dad. Uh..."

Stoick stands, takes a deep breath. Hiccup at the same time stands a little.

" I, uh... I have to talk to you, Dad." his voice wavered just a little, or maybe it was just him.

" I need to speak with you too, son."

Hiccup and Stoick straighten at the same moment and take a deep breath. Hiccup was just about to tell Stoick about the dragon, but it let him go. He wouldn't tell, after what he just been through, he couldn't bring himself to kill any dragon.

Hiccup "Dad I've decided I don't want to"

Stoick "Son I think it's time you learn to"

Together "fight dragons.!"

" What?"

His father spoke up. " You go first."

Hiccup stopped him "No no no, you go first dad."

When his father took that one deep breath Hiccup regretted letting him go first..." Alright. You get your wish. Dragon training. You start in the morning..."Because the chief's word is law. and so is a fathers.

"Ooooh man, I should have gone first. Uh, 'cause I was thinking, dad'you know we have a surplus of dragon-fighting Vikings, but do we have enough bread-making Vikings," He uses his hands to make a imaginary ball and clench it tight. "or small home repair vikings or even-"

Stoick lifts an heavy ax. His vary own.

" -You'll need this."

Stoick hands Hiccup his axe but Hiccup avoids taking it and actually tries to push it away.

"Dad I don't want to fight dragons."

Stoick chuckles a bit.

"Come on. Yes, you do." there is happiness in his fathers voice, something he hasn't heard for a long, long time, but he couldn't bake down now.

"Rephrase. Dad I can't kill dragons." \_'Well it's not a lie.'\_

Stoick speaks up again with the same tone.

" But you will kill dragons!"

Hiccup felt a bit of panic rise inside again

"No, dad I'm \*\*really very extra\*\* sure that I won't."

The happy tome left his father and was replaced with a stern and cold voice, the voice that had been for him since, since his mother vanished at sea.

" It's time Hiccup."

"Dad can you not hear me?-"

" This is serious son!"

Stoick forces the axe into Hiccup's hands. Its weight drags him down. He looks up to see Stoick under-lit with firelight. For him it was a little frightening.

"When you carry this axe... you carry all of us with you. Which means you walk like us." Stoick straightens his son. " You talk like us." He taps his helmet. " You think like us. No more of..."

He gestures at Hiccup.

" ... this."

"You just gestured to all of me."

Stoick pretended not to hear him.

"Deal?"

"This conversation is feeling very one-sided."

"DEAL?!"

"Hiccup glances at the axe in his hands. It's a no-win argument. No matter how hard he tries.

"...Deal."

Hiccup's voice falls in defeat. Satisfied, Stoick grabs his helmet and duffel bag... And heads for the door.

" Good. Train hard. I'll be back...Probably" The last part filled with uncertainty

" And I'll be here...Maybe."

Stoick heads out the door, leaving Hiccup holding the axe. \_'why now of all times, do I not want to be one of you?'\_

2. lets play 20 Q

fog is back!

anyways here we go again, i do not own HTTYD.

and please leave a review! reviews make the world spin!

His head hurt, his tail hurt, everything hurt so bad, Sorin tried to fly away after the boy set him free,... OK after he scared the boy shitless. but that was beside the point, he fell into a small cove, the whole place was surrounded by cliffs just to tall for him to jump over, even when he furiously flapped his long, leathery, black wings as hard as he could. If someone was to come near the cove they would have sworn that a dragon was trapped inside, but if they looked they would see a boy, tall and lean with waist length jet black hair, and toxic green eyes, his skin to pale to ever be the dragon of his other form. Again he ran as fast as he could and leaps up into the air, his wings work hard to lift his frame up, \_'higher, higher, almost to the top! just a little more Sorin!' \_his balance fails, his wings lose momentum in his panic, his fingers just barely brush the lip of the cliff, and then he falls, down, down, and still, down. Till finally he lands hard on the ground, \_'one more try! i can do this!' \_and repeat... he screams in frustration and kicks at what ever he can, he calms after a moment and walks to the lake, \_'one, two, three, four,... four fish, just one will be OK for now, all i got to do is grab it and i got lunch!' \_his hand launches into the water, he feels the scales of the fish on his skin. It got away, Sorin lays down in defeat and lets out a heavy sigh. Then he hears it, \_click, clack, clack, \_something falling, something else going after what fell, he looks. It was the boy, and he boy hadn't seen him yet, \_'good' \_Sorin gets up and swiftly sneaks behind the boy, and he watches. the boy sits down in the clearing, setting his note book and the pencil beside him. \_'that must be what he dropped' \_he snatches the note book and pencil from beside the boy, the boy jumps and starts to turn around, Sorin let out a low growl, the boy got the message. And he starts to write.

Hiccup seen something snatch the note book from beside him, he starts to turn and something growls at him, '\_it doesn't want to be seen, so don't look' \_he sat still, and waited, whatever it was slid the note book back, he read what it said

\_ 'lets play 20 Q , but first a hint, I'm not what you think i am'\_

Hiccup read it again to be sure he seen right, he did,

"OK, lets play 20 Q ." he slid the note book back, "questions about me, or am i trying to guess you?"... the note book came back

\_ 'me, i want to see if your smart or not' \_

"that's fair... OK first Q. human or animal?"...

\_ 'both, and that was actually the second,' \_

"the second? what was my first?"...

\_ 'questions about me, or am i trying to guess you? that's 3' \_

"OK. boy or girl?"

\_ 'boy 4 ' \_

"... OK then, time to get serious. your both, so do you have animal parts on a human body?"..

\_ 'yes 5 ' \_

"fur?"..

\_ 'no 6 ' ... \_

"scales?"...

\_ 'yes 7 ' \_

"are you part lizard?"...

\_ 'no 8 ' \_

..."dragon?"

\_ 'yes 9 ' \_

"...are you the dragon i let free."

\_ 'yes 10' \_

Hiccups heart stopped, the Night Fury the he let go, and then spared his life, was right behind him.

"can i see you?"

...

\_ 'if you can catch me 11' \_

"but i already caught you. and then i let you go!"

\_ 'catch me again.' \_

Hiccup heard the human/Night Fury laugh and then run away. He really wanted to see him now, but the sun was setting and he need to get home. He got up and looked around.

"you better watch your back tomorrow! ill get you!"

" \_will do, little viking.\_"

### 3. AN

I am very sorry but it seems that you will have to wait a little bit longer for the next chapter of crossing lined to be up i am working on it right now but there is a lot of things going on at my school so I have not had much time to work on it if I am lucky it will be up 3 to 4 weeks from tomorrow also any reviews or criticism that you have to do with help me a lot please leave a review I'd love it!

### 4. the magic hour

I don't own HTTYD...

the magic hour

A storm is brewing outside. The great doors rattle on their hinges. Hiccup walks over to the table that the other teens are sitting at, as he gets closer he can hear what they are talking about.

"Alright. Where did Astrid go wrong in the ring today?" Gobber asks the teens hoping that they will give a ok answer, Astrid answers the question herself.

" I mistimed my somersault dive. It was sloppy. It threw off my reverse tumble.'"

Eye rolls from the group. Ruffnut, the girl of the twins answers back sarcastically

" Yeah. We noticed."

Snotlout wast no time in coming to Astrids rescue, not that she needed it.

" No, no, you were great. That was so 'Astrid'."

Gobber speaks up be for it can go any farther

"She's right, you have to be tough on yourselves."

CREAK. All eyes turn to Hiccup, entering the hall, sheepishly. Gobber glares at him.

" Where did Hiccup go wrong?"

He tries to take a seat at the table...

"He showed up."

"He didn't get eaten."

... but the recruits keep closing the gaps. Rolling his eyes, Hiccup sits at the vacant table next to them. Astrid glars at him.

"He's never where he should be." she stated. Gobber smiles.

"Thank you, Astrid. You need to live and breathe this stuff."

Gobber lays a giant book in the center of the table.

" The dragon manual. Everything we know about every dragon we know of."

A rumble of thunder shakes the hall. Rain pours down outside.

"No attacks tonight. Study up."

Gobber leaves, leaving the teens staring at the book. tuffnut looks at the book.

"you've got to be kidding Wait, you mean read?"

his sister pipes up

"While we're still alive?"



Snotlout still eating looks surprised.

"Why read words when you can just kill the stuff the words tell you stuff about?"

Fishlegs excitedly smiles and bounces

"Oh! I've read it like, seven times. There's this water dragon that sprays boiling water at your face. And there's this other one that buries itself for like a week..."

The teens stare as Fishlegs goes on too long.

" Yeah, that sounds great. There was a chance I was going to read that..."

"...but now..."

Snotlout gets up to go.

" You guys read, I'll go kill stuff."

The others follow, with Fishlegs in tow.

"Oh and there's this other one that has these spines that look like trees..."

Astrid is the last to go. And Hiccup decides to test his luck.

"Oh! its just us, So I guess we'll share-"

" Read it."

She pushes it toward him and leaves.

" All mine then. Wow, so okay. I'll see you-"

Slam.

" Tomorrow." he sighs and sits down.

later after nearly ever one ha head home for the night Hiccup sat with his second candle for the night the massive book. Thunder booms outside. The hall is vacant and dark, but for the few candles he's pulled together. Hiccup pours through page after page of strange and frightening dragons.

" Dragon classifications. Strike class. Fear class. Mystery class."

Hiccup turns the page. reveling a frighting dragon with a huge mouth

" Thunderdrum. This reclusive dragon inhabits sea caves and dark tide pools. When startled, the Thunderdrum produces a concussive sound that can kill a man at close range. Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight."

Hiccup's eyes drift to a lurid illustration of decapitated Vikings.

Another page, another dragon. this time the beast was soaring over trees and cutting them down.

"Timberjack. This gigantic creature has razor sharp wings that can slice through full grown trees...extremely dangerous. Kill on sight."

The illustrations seem to take on a life of their own,

shifting and squirming in the candlelight. moveing, ready to leep out an attack him on their own. the next page

"Scauldron. Sprays scalding water at its victim. Extremely dangerous."

The storm outside rages against the shuttered windows. Hiccup jumps when loud thunder roars over head, but presses on.

" Changewing. Even newly hatched dragons can spray acid. Kill on sight."

He begins flipping through the pages. A blur of dragons...

"Gronckle. Zippleback. The Skrill. Bone Knapper. Whispering Death. Burns its victims. Buries its victims. Chokes its victims. Turns its victims inside-out." he shudders at the last one

" Extremely dangerous. Extremely dangerous kill on sight. Kill on sight..."

the last page. Hiccup finally lands upon the page he's been looking for. but there is next to nothing on it.

"Night Fury..."

It's blank - no image, save for a few, sparse details.

"Speed unknown. Size unknown. The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself. Never engage this dragon. Your only chance, hide and pray it does not find you..."

Hiccup pulls his sketchbook out of his vest and opens it to his drawing of the black beast look like in the ropes. He lays it over the book's blank page and considers it. maybe if he can become friends with the dragon / human...

Hiccup slips into the cove holding a fish in his hands, he peeks through a gap in the rock, looking around cautiously. squeezes through and enters the cove. but his shield got stuck, now he had no defense "Hay dragon! I got a fish for you! you like fish right? i would have more with me but its all i got." Hiccup turns to see the Night Fury, crouched on a rock like...well, a dragon... It descends, approaching him... acting as if it was ready to pounce. Hiccup swallows his fear and offers the that he is weaponless. As it approaches the fish, Hiccup notices that it's missing teeth.

"Huh. Toothless. I could've sworn you had-"

A set of razor sharp teeth emerge from its gums to grab the fish.

Toothless snatches and gnashes it up, swallowing it.

" ... teeth."

The teeth retract again and the newly named Toothless rushes into the bushes, and after a moment half of the fish lands at his feet then a vary unique voice fills the air

" you should eat, you must be hungry."

Hiccup ses glowing green eyes in the bushes,They exchange stares.  
Hiccup

realizes what Toothless wants him to crouches slowly and squeamishly picks it dragon/human waits expectantly. Hiccup gags and gnaws off a bite of the slimy fish. "mmm-hmm!"

"swallow." the voice commands him to Hiccup gags, swallows, retches, and swallows again He forces a smile.

"i don't see why you didnt cook that first..."

"..."

#### 5. first fight attempt, fail

Livvixul and Thesamaritian and Junethooth for helping me with this  
thank you soooooooooooooo much

I was informed by Thesamaritian that I used to wrong file

Thank you for letting me know!

\* \* \*

><p>The setting sun burned bright in the sky. Sorin wakes up from his nap on a low hanging tree branch. As he looks around he spots Hiccup sitting on the other side of the cove. The boy is sketching a drawing of Sorin in the sand. Sorin then gets curious and slowly approaches Hiccup from behind. Suddenly noticing his presence, Hiccup stiffens then continues, trying not to scare him off. Then Sorin gets an idea and walks off to get what is needed. A moment later, he reappears with a tree branch; he takes a glance at Hiccup and begins drawing lines in the sand. He rushes here and there, making seemingly random lines. When he is finished he looks at the amazed boy in a concentrating stare and places a dot in the picture. Finally, Sorin drops the tree and inspects his work. He seems pleased with his drawing of Hiccup.<p>

Hiccup stands and takes in the sprawling scribble, and notices that it is him. Amazed by it he accidentally steps onto one of the lines, eliciting an instant growl from Sorin. He steps on it again and in response Sorin growls again. Realizing how sensitive he is, Hiccup steps carefully between each line, turning round and round, spinning to take in the whole thing, until he unwittingly bumps into Sorin. Upon contact the dragon releases a snort. And Once again, they're face to face. As Hiccup slowly extends his hand Sorin hesitates. Hiccup turns his head away and closes his eyes. A ripple makes its way through the air; another hand touches Hiccups, and then laces its

finger with his. Hiccup looks up, and sees the dragon teen for the first time, Hiccup felt his heart soar and a blush make its self-know on his face, they gaze at each other, then In a flash, he is gone, leaving Hiccup astounded.

It was late and Hiccup, Gobber and the other recruits are seated at the top of an abandoned catapult tower, toasting anything from a full turkey, duck, and chicken, to the small fish that Hiccup had around a roaring bonfire.

>" ...and with one twist he took my hand and swallowed it whole. And I saw the look on his face. I was delicious. He must have passed the word, because it wasn't a month before another one of them took my leg." Hiccup holds back a disturbed look as Gobber held up his peg leg.<br>"Isn't it weird" Fishlegs started "to think that your hand was inside a dragon? Like if your mind was still in control of it you could have killed the dragon from the inside by crushing his heart or something?" "I swear I'm so angry right now." Hiccup gives a tiny smirk a snotlout '\_when is he not?\_' "I'll avenge your beautiful hand and your beautiful foot. I'll chop off the legs of every dragon I fight," points to his face "with my face!"

>He postures to Astrid. She rolls her eyes. Gobber begins talk again with a mouthful of food "Un-unh. It's the wings and the tails you really want. If it can't fly, it can't get away. A downed dragon is a dead dragon."<br>Hiccup hides his horrified look from the others. As the sound of Sorin's painful roar fills his head. Gobber stands and stretches. "Alright. I'm off to bed. You should be too. Tomorrow we get into the big boys. Slowly but surely making our way up to the Monstrous Nightmare. But who'll win the honor of killing it?" He hobbles off. The teens reflect, but Hiccup does not stick around to hear them.

Hiccup enters a small room at the back of the stall. It's covered in drawings of weaponry and scale models. He lights a candle and lays his sketchbook out on the desk, opening it to the drawing of Sorin. With a look of determination. Hiccup picks up a charcoal stick and re-draws the missing tail.

>... a creaking leather bellows. The stone forge glows with every pump. Tongs pull intricate iron pieces from the ey're dropped onto the anvil, twisted, lightly hammered, and dunked in water pieces are carried to Hiccup's workbench and laid out in place on a one-to-one schematic. It's a sketch of a mechanical fin. Hiccup folds the fin, truly proud of his work. Its early when Hiccup arrives, winded, straining under the weight of a full basket. Sorin approaches in his humanish form.<br>"Hey Toothless! I brought breakfast. I hope you're hungry."

>Hiccup drops the basket and kicks it over with a grunt. Fish spill out. " Okay, that's disgusting." Sorin slowly approaches but is unnoticed till he speaks "I have a real name you know? It's Sorin... and thats a lot of fish for little ole me." Hiccup looks a little surprised then continues "haha, well Uh..we've got some salmon..."sorin picks it up<br>" ... some nice Icelandic cod..."picks it up too " ... and a whole smoked eel."

>Sorin nabs it, and takes a bite out of the fish, chews a few times, then spits it out. He shakes his head violently, "oh! gross ewwww! ah! remind me to never eat eel again!" "hahahaha!" Sorin throws the eel hitting Hiccup in the face. "hey! Yeah, I don't like eel much either."<p>

Sorin focuses on the remainder. With the dragon\teen boy distracted with picking his favorites, Hiccup unwraps his prosthetic fin and

opens it like a fan. Hiccup cautiously approaches the injured tail, but every time he gets near it, Sorin sweeps it away like a cat. Hiccup drops a knee on top of the tail then sits on it. Sorin's head juts up.

>"Okay...okay.." Hiccup brushes the new tail fin, Sorin tenses, slowly spreading his wings. Hiccup straps the prosthetic fin in place. He cinches the straps.<br>" There. Not too bad. It works."

>Sorin bolts! He snaps his massive wings and takes to the air, carrying Hiccup with him.<br>"Woah! No! No! No!"

>Hiccup struggles to hold on to the tail. As the ground speeds away, Sorin immediately tips into a uncontrolled bank and dive. Hiccup sees the folded fin rattling uselessly in opposition to its flared counterpart. Flap as he may, Sorin can't correct his trajectory. Hiccup swallows his fear and a little bit of breakfast and crawls toward the folded prosthetic. He reaches it and yanks it open. The flared, fan- like appendage catches the air, stabilizing the twisting tail.<br>" It's working!" Sorin arcs just short of the water and climbs high into the air. "Yes! Yes, I did it!"

He glances back at Hiccup, busily holding the tail open while trying to hold on. They're going to crash. Sorin inwardly panics and feels his tail become weak from holding Hiccups weight, even if he's pretty light. Whoomp! Hiccup is suddenly thrown from the tail in the intense force of a turn as Sorin tried to escape the incoming crash

"AAAAAGGGGHHHHH!" He bounces across the water's surface and takes a dive. Without Hiccup to operate the tail, Sorin does the same, plunging in a massive cannonball. Hiccup resurfaces, roughed up, but beaming. Sorin appears seconds later. "Yeah!" Hiccup cheered "Stay off my tail you bloody wanker!" Sorin pulled himself out of the water and quickly falls asleep, dreaming of the feel of Hiccups hands on his scales

End  
file.